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THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, FEBRUARY 1902

[No. 6

EDITORIAL.

WE had some thought of apologizing for the late appearance of this number and had even decided on whom, of the two, we should cast the blame—on the printer or on the publisher. But the next number is going to be ever so much later, nor do we know (with certainty) when, if ever, there will be a next number. For, to break it gently, it is more than possible that no such thing will ever see the light. Our principal artist and our busiest compiler are going home, the former to study golf and the latter histrionics, and we cannot shut our eyes to the danger that looms large in our sight. The one, if his training progresses as satisfactorily as we hope it will, may be engaged by some leading club in England as a professional; the net of Sir Henry Irving is spread wide for the other and may catch and keep him. And so, while we do not say positively that FINIS must be written at the foot of this number, we suggest to those of our readers who have subscribed and paid for more than six numbers of Vol. II of the "RATTLE" that they should apply to the publishers for a refund. If the publishers decline to gratify them they can then decide whether to slay the publishers or not.

It should be mentioned, by the way, that our artist has been ready to go to press any day within the last two months, and consequently has spent a great part of that period either in abusing his fellow-workers as persons of talent with purely paralytic proclivities, or in entreating them to "get a move on"—alternately damning them with faint praise and praying them with faint damns. They answer more or less like this:—

Our splendid literary powers,
Our inability to act,
Are not your fault nor are they ours;
It's just hard luck—and that's the fact.

This little rhyme is spontaneous and, if rather weak in melody, yet expresses aptly enough the

meaning which it is intended to convey—namely, that we are playthings of fate, and have but little control over our destiny.

There are some good things in this number, just as there is sometimes a good a 10-cent piece in a plum pudding, but if one eats too quickly one may miss the prize or worse still one may swallow it. So be careful and go slow.

EN PASSANT.

IN that the "RATTLE" has been unduly silent for some time past, some sort of apology is due to our patient friends the subscribing public; but we have no intention of following one of the many evil practices of modern journalism by taking the said public into the boudoir of our confidence and explaining in detail our excellent, but purely domestic, reasons for remaining inarticulate. For a while the "RATTLE" has not rattled: cela suffit! And, if there is any consolation in the thought, it is not likely, in the absence of H. H., our godlike and only artist, to rattle again for some time to come. To us, sitting in the editorial sanctum, there is mead of joy in the reflection that our deathless contribution to the gaiety of nations will be missed; that, in parlour and pub, fair women and brave men will class the "RATTLE" with their absent friends and look forward to its return. Even the sweetest voice may gain by virtue of occasional lapses into silence. Housewives please note.

* * * * *

To Sir Robert Hart, Bart., the "RATTLE's" sincere congratulations on the latest addition to his long list of honours, and may the Heir Apparent show his new Junior Guardian all proper respect. That there is apparently no heir is a matter which in no way affects our appreciation of this historic event. First catch

your Guardian, says the Empress, and time will show whether "there's Heir" or not. As for Sir Robert, he may be expected to enjoy the change from marking time at the Tsungli Yamên to beating the Air in high places. The deposed Heir is now learning to take heart of grace, while the new one—when he materialises—will no doubt learn his grace from Hart. So the mad world wags on; but when next the dear old Empress takes to Boxing let us hope she'll remember to be kind to "dear Guardy."

* * * * *

It is good to read in a voracious press that the august sovereign of this great Empire, the Amiable-to-the-verge-of-weakness Dowager, made her entry into Peking after the manner of Niobe—"all smiles." Equally pleasing to note that she bowed and nodded repeatedly to the crowd of foreign diplomats, journalists and ladies perched on the grim gateway around which her Boxer legions stormed in vain some eighteen months ago. Then it was guns, now it is bows,—a killing smile instead of murderous guile, and the Diplomatic Body, as usual, is entirely satisfied. But even in Peking there are a few persons who attribute those smiles and bows, not so much to the Amiable One's delight at meeting her foreign friends again, as to the salutary effect upon her active mind of Thomas Atkins and his brethren in arms. We have read and we know that even a simple male can smile and smile, and be a villain. As to the poor old lady's real feelings when she got home to find all the furniture broken and her pet objects of "bigotry and virtue" gone,—well, no doubt, she will come in the fulness of time to appreciate our taking ways. But her house-warming speech is not given in the "Peking Gazette."

* * * * *

In our youth we were taught to love and respect the goose that laid its golden eggs, for which reason (sentimental, if you like) the spectacle of Sheng laying foundation stones impresses us and cheers. That persuasive Pluralist, despite bad health and the anxiety of being another of the Heir Apparent's Guardians, loses no time in assimilating the fashions of the hour; the example of those successful hybrids Wu Ting-fang and Lo Feng-loh is contagious—and no doubt we shall soon see Chinese dignitaries addressing the Big Feet Society on "Mencius's estimate of Women" or becoming Freemasons, with two nights out a week.

* * * * *

Bridge, the divider of homes, is said to have reached Hongkew and to be creating its usual havoc in those erstwhile peaceful and domesticated regions. No longer is the pilot's wife the pilot's bright and particular star, for in matters pertaining to kitchen and kids the staid and thrifty matron of happier days now says "Partner, I leave it to you"; hearts, whose

worth is more than diamonds, are sacrificed to Clubs—ladies' bridge clubs. *Pour nous*, we have but one rule at, and for, bridge, which is, "no frumps"; therefore ease or difficulty in the same is a matter of environment only. The "RATTLE" respectfully commends to the notice of the "First Aid Association" a large and increasing number of homeless and distressed husbands and fathers.

* * * * *

If only the selection by the Powers of the diplomatic gentlemen who draw up protocols and treaties were made with regard to their knowledge of grammar and the dangers of composite composition, the little world of Chinese politics would be the better for it. As it is, Ministers, Consuls and merchants are now engaged—and will be for some time to come—in endeavouring to find out what the Diplomatic Body really did mean by the protocol of September last. Possibly the state of mind produced by the siege and the distractions of looting may have had something to do with it, but therein lies but little consolation for ourselves. Conundrums have their uses, but not in protocols.

* * * * *

Talking of looting, there are little rifts here and there as the outcome of those riotous and purple days in Peking, and some badly smitten consciences are giving back a little bit off the top.

* * * * *

The "RATTLE" regrets that lack of space prevents reproduction of the Burns dinner speeches. This being professedly a humorous publication we should, under happier conditions, have felt it our duty to do so, since we are assured by the local press that these speeches are sparkling gems of humour, of a high order of merit. That they were received with prolonged laughter and applause by our brethren from beyond the Tweed is on record—and to minds sceptical as to the exact nature and effect of a Scotch joke we trust that the fact will, in itself, suffice.

* * * * *

Tuesday the 9th proximo, being the birthday of the Archduchess Olga of Pumpenikel-Heutzenhensen, the men-of-war in harbour will dress ship in honour of the occasion. The Acting-Vice-Consul-in-charge will be at home to his nationals and other many friends, at No. 101 Mayblossom Terrace, Hongkew, from 10 to 11.30 a.m.

PORK PIES.

Eat, if thou canst, and make thy mock of those
Who analyze the fragrance of a rose;
But, if thou needs must question, yet forbear
To ask the maker—for he knows, he knows.

O.K.



Tall job, Charlie, my boy!

JURISPRUDENCE.

"You keep a store"! the hireling cried
 With low attorney's cunning,
 "Think so?" the downy cove replied,
"I guess the store keeps Dunning."

"In Nanking Road, at number nine
 "You sell, it seems, a long list
 "Of foods and drinks (including wine)
 "According to the Hong-list."

"A lie"! says Ned, with smiling face,
"I thought a baby knew
"As soon as born that Dunning's place
"Was number thirty-two."

"Of duty and propriety
 "One cannot have a high sense
 "Who fosters insobriety
 "Without the Council's license."

"How's that"? says he, *"you're joking then?"*
"Why, Lord, he thinks he's caught me!"
"But I'm the kind of citizen
"That wants a license brought me."

"Those who defy the law, be sure,
 "Are doing something risky;
 "And yet you sold to A—r M—e
 "That Cyrus Noble Whisky."

"Whisky"? says he, *"It's kerosene*
"For all I know about it!"
"I sold or gave what may have been
"Right Bourbon—though I doubt it."

"I call my stuff what names I please
 "And folks are free to hope
 "That what I sell to them as cheese
 "Is anything but soap."

"Though margarine and turnip root
 "Are words I seldom utter
 "Perhaps they really constitute
 "My marmelade and butter."

"I say 'perhaps,' I do not know,
"I never make a trial,
"And if you asked me 'Is it so'?"
"I'd give a flat denial."

"It's true I sell to passers by
"But oftener my fate is
"To very willingly supply
"Their wants for nothing—gratis."

In judgments lucid, brief and dry
 My art is ;
 No task of mine to satisfy
 The parties.
 True that this person keeps a store
 And (punning)
 True that the shop keeps him—a score
 For Dunning.
 I think the Hong-list's number nine
 Misleading,
 But how on earth can I refine
 The pleading,
 Or hide from the judicial eye
 The danger
 Of blaming men for actions by
 A stranger?
 To call it Bourbon's going far
 (Agree it)
 When he himself declines to guar-
 -antee it,
 But whether Bourbon's what he has
 Or cheeses,
 A man is free to give them as
 He pleases.
 Support the Councillors I must
 Whenever
 They ask my aid for any just
 Endeavour
 But fining for I know not what—
 The fact is
 Such excentricity is not
 My practice.

PEKING, 7th January 1902.

perial train from Paoting to-day at noon.—[Special Telegram.]



ke yourselves useful. The heavy trunks are in the luggage-van and all the small parcels in the carriage. Ching has got the tickets.
a four-wheeler chop-chop. My holy ancestors! but it's good to be back home again.

FRATERNAL.*

We have swept and garnished your ancient city
 And little is left to covet or burn
 Nothing worth mentioning more's the pity—
 When, O when, will the Court return?
 All that was cream is gone to the churn,
 Looting has hardly the zest of yore,
 Then come from the haunt of the coot and hern
 To the love of a brother Emperor!

Our fort is finished and really pretty,
 Will you grudge us the thanks that we toiled to earn?
 (Your climate was good but the dust was gritty)
 When, O when, will the Court return?
 Brothers are kind though an Aunt be stern,
 Hatred is wicked and strife a bore,
 So bury the hatchet and do not spurn
 The love of a brother Emperor!

The Japs are gentle, the French are witty
 But money, I fear, is their sole concern;
 The Russians I reckon as mere banditti—
 When, O when, will the Court return?
 Though our task is ended we can't adjourn
 Till we see you settled at home once more
 Digesting the lesson you had to learn—
 The love of a brother Emperor!

ENVOY.

Prince, I doubt if I greatly yearn
 Either for you or your Court's return
 But I'd like to see you kiss the floor
 For love of a brother Emperor.

* Little recked the author of this contribution what an unconscionable time No. 6 of "THE RATTLE" would take to incubate.

CALLOW.

Amanda, when the leaves
 Are down,
 Or even if they've
 Not descended
 I always find you make
 Me say
 A great deal more than
 I intended.

Amanda, when the days
 Are dark,
 Or even when the gas
 Is lighted,
 I sit incontinent and gaze
 And never fail to
 Get excited.

Amanda, by a silent pool,
 Or just the same by
 Running water,
 I always give myself away
 And say a lot more than
 I ought ter.

Amanda, when the time
 Does come,
 Or sooner if it's
 Long arriving,—
 Good Heavens! girl,
 You surely see
 The point at which
 I must be driving.



THE EFFECT OF FUSIL OIL ON THE COMPASS.

Marvellous discovery made by Captain Swillington of the "Rum On."

SHANGHAI BRANCH OF THE R.S.W.T.F.

Autumn Session.

The following additions have been made to the Society's museum during the summer months :—

Salix Tyacki: Sweet William. When it has taken firm root it strikes out in all directions. Its cuttings are capital.

Caldbeckia rotundiformis var. *globulosa*: Liverwort. A very prolific but useful vegetable, used for feeding time-expired cattle for fattening purposes. Its effects in this connection are unlimited notwithstanding antidotes.

Aioyuius Shroffii: Chinese Forget-me-not. This common fungus blooms about the first day of the month. It has a disagreeable smell and has a persistent and searching growth.

Ridentia Somnifera: Red Rattle or Tickler. Domesticated, and, we believe, introduced into every drawing-room, where its delicate and neatly pencilled leaves may be found adorning every table.

Aurifereus Twentymanni: The Shanghai Marigold or Dockweed. Much sought after on account of its great fructiferous properties. Is said to rival the bamboo in its rate of growth per diem. It however only blooms for a few days and then withers away.

Grabbium Internationale: Common Snapdragon.



MAPS.*

Long ere the first thin belt of metal spanned
The Great Republic's western hinterland,
When Indian merchants made their journeys in
The jolting tonga or the palanquin,
Baroda took a week to reach by sea,
The Future's womb yet held the G.I.P.,
In fact, when Hodge had hardly had his fill
Of gaping stolidly at Puffing Bill,
There voyaged to China, sailing round the Cape,
The Angel Gabriel in modern shape.

Angel in truth, a harbinger of lines
Whose magic girdle China's broad confines
Were destined to receive,—with prophecies
Of rich reward for railway enterprise.
The weary voyage of almost black despair,
Interminable bouts of mal-de-mer,
By day the hum of wheels, by night no rest,
For visionary sleepers on his chest,
And for amusement pondering perhaps
On eighteen provinces done out in maps.
Would there were space or time the tale to sing
Of those three moons' Homeric wandering:
Haply 'twere best to curb the muse's tongue
And land Ulysses breathless at Wusung.

Welcome there was, but welcome of a kind
Least suited to the Angel's active mind.
He had his seat at Ewo's festive board,
The British Consul did him like a lord,
But, when he broached the subject next his heart,
His fellow guests would hurriedly depart:
Each seemed resolved to mind his own affairs,
They left him talking railways to the chairs.
And so from house to house, from hong to hong,
He tried to tell his tale, to sing his song.
Deaf to his cry of "Progress," all in vain
The March of Science and the Greed of Gain
Were spread alluringly before the eye
Of apathetic merchants of Shanghai,
Deaf, I repeat, they wallowed in the slough
Of mire as thick as clogs their children now.
Saddened but dauntless, girding on his sword,
As Paul of old resolved to preach the Word
If not to Jew to Gentile, Those not These,
The Angel spread his wings to the Chinese.
The beady eye of Wong, the face of Chang,
Receptive soil appeared. Again he sang
Of transit swift, of dividends, of lines,
Of great resources, minerals and mines:
He laid a sample run, a mile or more,
A sort of tram to go from door to door,
Hope running high, he waited the effect
As time or circumstances should direct.

From out the Taotai's yamên stole a spy
Who presently returned and in full cry
A stream of tepaos, raggermuffins, boys,
With tales of devils' smoke and hellish noise;
Their story served to fan the smouldering hate
Of the self-satisfied mandarin.

Is this enough? Or is there any need
To tell the upshot. He who runs may read
The end on Gabriel James's massive brow,
The story has no terrors for him now:
For smiling blandly when the tale is told
How railway trains fell out in days of old,
He draws like Archimedes in the sand
Such lines as once were meant to sweep the land,
He points to termini in fancy fixed,
Leaving his listener befogged, betwixt
The real China, miles of mud and men,
And some fantastic picture from his pen.
Turning from these to quieter lines, anon
Degrees of longitude he lingers on,
Or isothermal lines, whose interest failing,
He gives attention to great circle sailing.
Thus the great healer! Thus we see the lapse
Of time produces Morrison on Maps.

* "Maps, their Uses and Construction," by G. JAMES MORRISON, M.I.C.E., F.R.G.S., 1901; published by Edward Stanford, London.

TRAMWAYS — A VISION OF THE FUTURE.



No. 1.—Clearing the Maloo.



No. 2.—The Tram Arrives.



HE.—Are you going to join the Ladies' Fencing Club?

SHE.—Oh, yes. We have such pretty costumes.

HE (at his best).—Well *you* won't require a foil anyway.

[And she, being simple, took offence.]

A Pri-mer of O-ri-en-tal An-thro-po-lo-gy.



No. V.—The Am-a-teur Dram-at-ic Club-man.

This is an A.D.C. "What's that?"

Why, what an ig-no-rant young brat

You are! It is so ma-ny things;

To swim has fins, to fly has wings.

It is a his-tri-on-ic freak,

All lan-guage of the boards can speak

As Hea-vy Fa-ther, Vil-lain, Clown,

High Ten-or, or a Bass 'Way Down.

Those who can do most things quite ill

Are oft de-scribed as ver-sa-tile,

For 'tis but sel-dom that we light on

A tru-ly Ad-mi-ra-ble Crich-ton;

So, when you're big, you too may be

A Ro-scius like our A.D.C.

FROM THE RATTLEMAN.

LONDON, 1st December, 1901.

I had just finished my luncheon of fried fish, and, musing amid the slush and drizzle on life's incongruities, was strolling along Piccadilly when I glanced at the newspaper that had held the bloater and read the following beautiful lines :—

TO SPRING.

Hail smiling Spring ! again you come,
We welcome you with fife and drum.
Hail to the King of Britons free,
Of Britons at home and across the sea !
Hail to our Queen ! let chorus swell,
She's sweet and dresses very well,
A lesson to ladies, where'er they dwell.
So sing or shout Long live the king
And the blooming beauty of the Spring !

A-fr-d A-st-n.

Talking of bloaters that are muddy reminds me of a curious story of an Irish Member and his wife, a silky haired Boy and an Arctic explorer. These were lunching at a wayside inn. Being strangers they ate in fierce silence. Outside the village lads having taken the green shamrock flag from the Irishman's motor-car, for a military pageant, replaced it on the car of the Boy, who, when he had kissed his hand to a winsome face at a window opposite, hoisted himself on board, and was on the horizon just as the irate Mr. O'Doddra appeared. "He's shtole me car, the blayguard, and see phwat he's left behoind !" he shouted, and sprang into a very shabby little affair and was away at 65 miles an hour.

It could go, that car, and he would have caught the thief lots of times if he had stuck to the road more and let the young crops alone. As it was, he got to Margate a very bad second, made enquiries of the villagers and ran down the Boy at the Cliftonville. He didn't find his wife, who he thought was with the

Boy,—but of this he took no thought. It was the Boy he wanted, and he found him dining.

He was the kind of Boy that eats his food with feminine elegance—with his fingers all cocked up—a man who tempts one to say "You brute ! how dare you be so graceful, with your pink cheeks and long eyelashes."

The O'Doddra, being Irish, was averse to having a row at meals, so he merely said "It's a fine car ye have, sor." "Yes," said the beautiful man, "it goes well. I've just bought it." "'Deed then, and is it paid for?" yelled the Irishman. "It is not," said the candid youth, with some surprise. "Then the stable yard 's a swate spot for business. Will ye meet me there?" "I will." He did, and knocked out the Hibernian in half a round.

Then, out of a cloud of dust and blasphemy, came a tired motor-car, out of which sprang an Arctic explorer. He made a line for O'Doddra, leaving a frantic woman in hysterics.

"A hundred pound I've lost over this blank run. Leading all the way from Newcastle. Give me my car, you blank Irish thief, and take back your blasted truck and wife. I'll have the law of you——me," etc. etc.

Then the Patriot, heedless of his wife and comforter, remembered and saw a fresh meaning to the old words "They're hanging men and women,"—and he hanged, and more also.

N.B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



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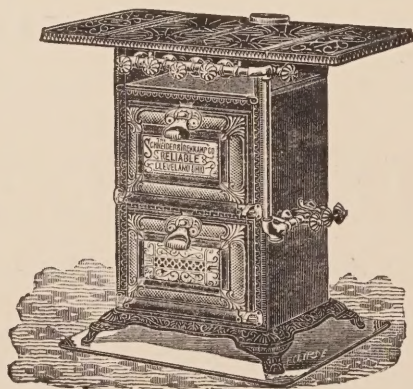
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